

A Congratulatory Poem

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On the Sitting of the Great Convention

In the Parliament House at *Westminster*,

January 22. 1688.

WISE Senators! We much Congratulate
Your happy Meeting, for to heal our State:
Our State was Sick, it lay much i'th' Head,
We look't upon our selves as almost Dead,
Had not our *Israels Gideon* came with speed,
We could not now have said, Who did the Deed:
But now the Tide is turn'd, the Trap they made,
Did catch themselves, we are not now dismay'd.
They now are frustrated in their Intention,
That God hath Blest us with a Wise Convention.
Now Justice will run down, and Judgment meet,
And Righteousness and Peace, they will them greet.
May *Halcion* days of Joy, always attend
Our Noble Senators, until their Lives do end.
These days of *Purim*, Why should we be sad?
Though *Haman* must be Hang'd, Let us be Glad.
The Voice o'th' Turtle now is heard i'th' Nation,
Which makes the Popelings Mad with Consternation:
The time of Singing Birds, it is now come,
Be packing all you Papists, now for *Rome*:
There Plot, and Plot, and lay your Damn'd design
As low as Hell, we'll find a Countermine:
Call your Black Emissaries, let them go
To those dark Cells, and dismal Vaults below;
Where Massacres and Murthers have their Birth,
And Acted by the Devils Apes on Earth:
Go, go, into your secret Cells, and Mourn
Among the shady Groves, and silent Urns;
Whilst our grave Patriots in Peace do Rest,
In this our Land, with Joy and Plenty Blest.
Long may you live State Pillars, whilst you're here,
'Till Heaven removes you to a higher Sphere:
And may your Names for ever be Enrol'd,
'Mongst Famous Worthies, when this Globe grows Old.
Rest then (*Great Sirs*) in Health and Happiness,
If we can say no more, we wish no less. (*Tho. Morley.*)

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